

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 54

No.

1

JUNE, 1921

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Photo by Nathaniel E. Brooks

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Our Dumb Animals, Vol. 53, June, 1920-May, 1921, \$1.25 Humane Calendar for 1921 each, .20

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"Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

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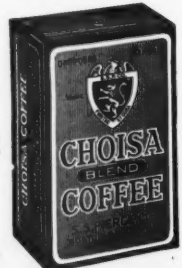
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879
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June, 1921

No. 1

DISARM or Perish"—which shall it be?

WHEN one contemplates the madness of men and nations in maintaining great armies and navies, even now after the last world-bankrupting war, he does not wonder at Bernard Shaw's remark, "The longer I live, the more firmly I am convinced that the other planets use our earth as their lunatic asylum."

HOW surely the women of the world could end all war, if they would. There are signs of organization for this purpose.

WHO said, "There is no more inconceivable folly than this continued riot of expenditure on battleships at a time when great masses of humanity are dying of starvation?" Herbert Hoover.

WHO calls our attention to the fact that the estimate recently presented to Congress for our naval and military service contemplates an appropriation of more than \$5,000,000 a day for every working day of the next fiscal year? General John J. Pershing.

WHO said that no nation can trust to preparedness for war "unless it conducts its civil activities in time of peace with a view to their best employment in war, and then the status of the civilized world will be literally that of an armed truce, and that status will grow to be so intolerable that war may come to be regarded as a relief?" Who said this? General Tasker H. Bliss.

WHO said, "Some of these people"—that is, people who believe in the sanity of a plan for disarmament—"are perfectly sincere pacifists, some of them perfectly sincere fools, and, incidentally, they are the same thing." Young Mr. Roosevelt.

A REVOLTING film, called "Trapping the Bob-cat," has been exhibited widely of late. Many protests have been made. We have a letter before us from a prominent national official of the Boy Scouts of America declaring the positive refusal of that organization to give it its endorsement.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

THE attempt to defend from the charge of cruelty the methods by which the most of our furs are secured is idle. The facts are too well known. Yet the Macmillan Company has published a book on "The Fur Trade of America," by Agnes Laut, which appears to be an attempt to save the fur traders of the country from a loss of business through the constantly spreading knowledge of the cruelties connected with the use of the traps by which the great bulk of the poor fur-bearing animals are caught. When Miss Laut says "the trap or the rifle gives its victim a comparatively painless death," we are willing to admit this so far as the rifle in the hands of an expert is concerned, but it is wholly untrue with regard to the traps by which the vast majority of fur-bearing animals are captured. Indeed, Miss Laut would have us believe the "fur trade is a force making for the conservation of wild life." From the reports of the millions of skins annually sold, we would suggest she change the word "conservation" to "extermination."

As to the cruelties of the trapping business, we quote a word or two from Lieutenant-Commander Edward Breck, of Washington, D. C., who signs himself a Reformed Trapper, in a letter to the *New York Herald*:

"It is absolutely impossible for one who knows the ways of modern trapping to allow to go unchallenged the opinion of Miss Agnes Laut, expressed in 'The Fur Trade of America,' to the effect that this industry as actually carried on nowadays is not cruel.

"The trouble, and it can never be got over, is that the trapper will not trap according to law, and especially he will not visit his traps as often as the law demands, and this is the great cause of the cruelty, for the animal dies a lingering and terrible death of torture in many cases and a half death in any case.

"As one who has trapped a great deal and knows the game, I state that the use of the steel trap results in nine cases in ten in outrageous torture to the animal caught."

IF people who want war with Japan, that is, people who see there's money for them in such a catastrophe, can keep stirring up hatred and strife a little longer, they may get what they want.

MAKING TROUBLE

THE dealer in sensationalism is a nuisance. So long as he can sell his goods, what cares he for the trouble he makes? A few Sundays ago a New York Photo News (?) Company supplied a group of Sunday papers with a startling picture of an "Animal Pawn Shop." The interior of a pawn shop appeared, several small animals in sight, and in the foreground a young lady with her pet dog brought in to leave as pledge for a loan.

The week following we began to receive letters asking if we could not stop a business liable to such abuses. As the picture was taken in New York, we wrote to the New York Society, and here is the substance of the reply:

"Picture sent out by a faking Photo News Company. They cannot remember just where, but was taken in some ordinary pawn shop on Seventh Avenue. They admit the whole thing a fake. These are the same people who sent out a story about a dog who was being etherized at our Hospital as about to be operated upon because he had swallowed fifty thousand dollars' worth of pearls. It seems useless to protest to these people. Faking is their business."

Our readers may well remember these words when they see some of the absurd things the sensation monger gets the newspapers to buy.

A REAL SANCTUARY

IN Green Elm, Kansas, a few Sundays ago during the Sunday "wolf-drive," a hunted coyote rushed into a church in the midst of the service and sought shelter in a corner behind the organ. The pastor suggested that the church-going coyote be given protection. The congregation approved. That evening a deacon opened the door, and the befriended animal quietly vanished into the darkness. Poor beastie, he probably had never heard of fleeing for safety to lay hold of the horns of the altar.

GENERAL PERSHING writes us, in reply to a letter relative to the possibility of using the Pershing Stadium in Paris for bull-fighting, that the latest reports from France are to the effect that the French authorities have no intentions of allowing the Stadium to be used for such a purpose.

ANIMAL "ACTS" BECOMING UNPOPULAR WITH PUBLIC

JACK LONDON CLUB NEARING 200,000 MARK

NEW members to the number of 4,502 joined the Jack London Club during April. The Club is now 183,252 strong.

DOG acts on the stage," observes an ex-actor, "are fast becoming repugnant."

A PERFORMING Animal (Prohibition) Bill has been introduced in the British Parliament.

PROMOTERS of Animal performances on the stage are saying the Jack London Club "surmises" cruelty. They are finding it difficult to defend the indefensible.

CRUELTY in the preliminary training of animals is not all the Jack London Club opposes. The conditions of living for most of them during their torturous career upon the stage are cruelly compounded.

TO join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz., get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, send us your name.

It is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Sixty copies of the book have already been given as prizes; many of these to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, one dollar.

The "Foreword" to Jack London's Book, "Michael Brother of Jerry" Which Led Us Two Years Ago to Found the Jack London Club

We have it in pamphlet form, published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

If you ever loved a dog, read this "Foreword" from Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry." Then read the book.

The book is fascinating, startling, strong. It deals with a great cruelty. It tells us how we may stop it.

THE JACK LONDON CLUB

is built on it. Will you join it? No dues. Just send us your name and the names of as many as will agree to do what London suggests.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Avenue

Boston, Mass.



BEATEN, BULLIED AND "BROKEN," BEHOLD THE LORDLY LION!

"All Animal Acts Cruel"

Mr. Samuel James who was the managing director of a chain of theaters in England and Wales writes:

"I have had fifteen theaters, and upon two occasions I have owned music halls. I would never book an animal turn after once doing so in pantomime. I have toured here and abroad, and I can assure you that all animal stage acts are produced by cruelty. No lover of dumb creatures should ever let one penny of his money go into the pocket of the trainer—generally an alien."

Had You Thought of This?

Albert Payson Terhune hits hard and accurately. In characteristic vein he makes this point in "The Yaller Dog" (*Country Gentleman*):

"Next to vivisection, there is no other form of cruelty so barbarous and so inexcusable as is the trained-animal act. Every trick dog you see on the stage represents something like twenty puppies tortured to death in a vain attempt to teach them tricks. It has been computed that every trick cat represents not less than twenty-seven kittens starved to death during the training process. A dog can be tortured into learning stage tricks. A cat can only be starved into learning them. Bear these gruesome truths in mind before encouraging by your applause another such exhibition."

From Washington State

A frank and friendly note comes to us from a correspondent in Washington, a well informed citizen, close reader of *Our Dumb Animals*, whose information and fair comment we are pleased to have. Among other things he says:

"Your continued effort in behalf of the

'staged' animal is a mighty fine work. Even as a child, animal stunts on the program caused me heart-ache, not amusement. I must have sensed their wretchedness. Hope sometime to send financial aid to the Jack London Club. It's the finest 'out-cropping' of this generation . . . Hammering away at the cruelties of the movies is another good work you are doing. At one of our largest movie houses this week is Selig's conception of Curwood's wonderful dog story, 'Kazan.' Through it runs a trail of blood and agony, animals in their death struggles, blood pouring from their (undeserved) wounds. The film is heart-rending, loathsome. I do not believe that Mr. Curwood, with his love of animals, could possibly endure sitting through the filmed performance."

Vaudeville Artist Condemns "Animal Acts"

Theater-goers who are amused by the performances of animals upon the stage are to blame for the cruelty preceding and the misery attending such "animal acts." This is the testimony of Irene Castle Treman, the actress, who tells some striking "truths" in *The Open Door*, and says the Jack London Club way cannot fail to prove effective. She continues:

"I have always felt if the public knew of the miserable existence endured by most performing animals, they would take no pleasure in watching them, and so 'animal acts' would soon be done away with.

"Children gurgle with glee when they see a dog, dressed up in some hideous circus suit, balancing a lamp on his nose, or when he climbs laboriously up a great, high ladder until he is nearly out of sight, and then, hesitating as long as he is allowed to do so, leaps thirty feet into a pool below. Little do they realize that it was an electric shock

(Continued on page 16)

Press Booms Be Kind to Animals Week

Newspaper Cartoons, School Posters and Governors' Proclamations Features of Celebration

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND :: :: By Briggs



Reproduced by permission New York Tribune. Copyright 1921

CARTOON BY BRIGGS

in New York Tribune and other newspapers, won first prize

Be Kind EVERY Week



CARTOON BY DICK MANSFIELD

in Washington Times, won second prize

THE 1921 celebration of Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday was so general and attracted such nation-wide attention that there can be no doubt of its permanent establishment as a regular anniversary throughout the country.

From a twelve-page supplement to its Sunday edition of April 10 by the *Charleston (S. C.) American*, devoted entirely to Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, to scattering paragraphs in metropolitan and country newspapers, the press of the nation showed marked interest in helping the cause.

Hundreds of lantern slides, with the dates of the Week, were displayed in moving-picture houses, especially in Massachusetts. In Boston and other cities attractive window cards were used in stores, with the motto: **THIS IS BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK.** Through the streets of Boston was driven one of the large ambulances of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., bearing two immense signs: "This is Be Kind to Animals Week throughout the United States." The Humane Society of Melrose, Mass., distributed free tags reading: "Be Kind to Animals—Melrose Humane Society." In Worcester and other places prominent speakers visited the public schools and talked to the children on kindness to animals.

Humane Day was generally observed in the public and parochial schools of Massachusetts, the exercises varying according to the ingenuity of the teacher in charge. Nearly

12,000 copies (one for each teacher in grammar grades above the second) of an eight-page pamphlet of Humane Exercises were furnished and distributed by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Illustrated lectures on "The Love of Animals" were given by the secretary of the Society before the pupils at Farnumville; Marlboro; the Center School, Malden; the Prince School and the Trade School for Girls, Boston; and the Vose School, Milton.

Humane Sunday was appropriately observed in many places. Among the ministers who preached especially on this theme were Rev. Victor M. Patterson of the Tatnuck Congregational Church, Dr. Frederick T. Rouse, and Rev. George L. Hibbard of the Newton Square Baptist Church, Worcester; Rev. Orville T. Fletcher of the Park Congregational Church and Rev. James Gordon Gilkey of the South Congregational Church, Springfield. An illustrated lecture by Guy Richardson, secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was given at the Lafayette Street M. E. church, Salem, Sunday evening.

It's a movement that nobody can be mean enough to oppose.

—Daily News, Enid, Okla.

The children, especially, should be impressed with the need for kindly treatment of all living things that minister to the wants and pleasures of humankind.

—Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville

CARTOON PRIZES AWARDED

Well-Known Artists from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., in Contest

THE prize cartoon contest in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, conducted by the American Humane Education Society, resulted in a number of effective cartoons appearing in several of the leading newspapers of the country.

The first prize of \$50 was awarded to Clare A. Briggs of the *New York Tribune*, whose cartoon, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," appeared in a number of metropolitan newspapers, April 11. It is reproduced above. The second prize of \$25 was awarded to Dick Mansfield of the *Washington Times*, whose cartoon "Be Kind EVERY Week," appeared in that paper, April 16. It is also reproduced above.

Among other attractive cartoons submitted in the contest were the following: "The End of a Perfect Week," by Halladay, in the *Providence (R. I.) Evening Bulletin*, April 16; "Be Ye Merciful as Your Father Also is Merciful," by Paul Fung, in the *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Wash., April 17; "And That Was This Dog's Mother," by R. J. Bieger, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, April 13; "Getting Ready for Next Week," by F. W. Freeman, in the *Portland (Me.) Evening Express and Advertiser*, April 6, also "The Building Boom is On," April 8, and "His First Vacation," April 13; "Willie's Nightmare,"

by E. D. Powell, in the *Omaha Daily Bee*, April 11; "Old Pals," by Craig Fox, in the *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat-Chronicle*, April 15; "Censored," by Gale, in the *Los Angeles Times*; "Protect the Dumb Brute," by Eugene Carl, in the *Allentown (Pa.) Morning Call*, April 13; "Kindness to Animals Brings Reward," by R. V. Tribe, in the *New Bedford (Mass.) Evening Standard*, April 11; "Yes, Don't Forget—There is Still Much Work for Humane Societies," by Karl K. Knecht, in the *Evansville (Ind.) Courier*, April 8, also "The Prayer of a Horse," April 10; "It Pays to be Kind to Animals," by H. H. Perry, in the *Oregonian*, Portland, Ore.; "Loyalty," by Clifford K. Berryman, in the *Washington (D. C.) Evening Star*, April 8, also "Be Kind to Animals," April 14, and "Be Kind to Animals Week," April 14; and "One Reason We Cannot Boast of Our Progress," by Carmack, in the *Prairie Farmer*, Chicago, April 9.

MASS MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA

ON Friday of Be Kind to Animals Week a very interesting meeting was held under the auspices of the Humane Education Society of Pennsylvania, at the Plastic Club, Philadelphia. Miss Annie E. Henkels presided, and there were addresses by Mrs. Warren E. Tryon, president of the Society; Dr. Armand J. Gerson, associate superintendent of schools; Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, superintendent of playgrounds; Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, secretary of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.; Robert R. Logan, president of the American Anti-vivisection Society; Secretary William T. Phillips of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.; and others. Members of the Kindness Club and Boy Scouts also participated in the exercises, which were largely attended by officers of humane societies, principals, teachers, librarians, and members of the two juvenile organizations.

Our cat says, "kind words are always better than abusive ones."

—Daily Times, Union, S. C.

CULTIVATE THE ART OF BEING KIND



"AND YOUR GOD WILL
REWARD YOU HERE
AND HEREAFTER"

POSTER BY NATALIE SAWYER
Newton Technical High School, won fourth prize
in Class I

POSTER CONTEST RESULTS Many Pupils in Massachusetts Schools Win Prizes for Designs

PRIZES in the poster contest of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, open to all the schools of the state, were awarded as follows:

Class I. High Schools, first prize, \$20, cash, Edwin Leonard, fourth year Newton Technical High; second prize, \$10, cash, Earle Thrasher, Brookline High; third prize, \$5, cash, Samuel Glaser, Brookline High; fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth prizes, each a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, Natalie Sawyer, second year, Newton Technical High; Dorothy Frail, fourth year, Newton Technical High; Madeline H. Stotz, fourth year, Brighton High; Helen W. Noell, grade 9, Trade School for Girls, Boston; Bernice Balch, junior class, Gardner High; and Bertha Stott, Howe High School, Billerica.

Class II. Grammar grades above the sixth, first prize, \$10, cash, Constance Crook, Lincoln School, Lincoln; second prize, \$5, cash, Clara West Butler, grade 8, Hewins School, Dedham; third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes, each a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, Christine L. Reid, grade 9, Winsor School, Boston; Louise A. Hunter, grade 8, Girls' Trade School, Boston; Elli Senanen, grade 8, Coleman School, Gardner; Elin Teir, grade 8, Coleman School, Gardner; and Marjorie Broadhead, grade 8, Bowditch School, Salem.

Class III. Grammar grades, fifth and sixth, first prize, \$10, cash, Marguerite Gilhooley, Pickering School, grade 6, Salem; second prize, \$5, cash, Dorothy Little, grade 6, Aborn School, Lynn; third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes, each a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, Greta Pelletier, grade 5, Saltonstall School, Salem; Harry Lord, grade 5, Lincoln School, Lynn; Samuel Swartz, grade 6, Whiting School, Lynn; R. Girard, grade 5, Brickett School, Lynn; and William J. Burgess, grade 5, Bentley School, Salem.

About two hundred of the best posters were exhibited during Be Kind to Animals Week, and the following week in the Fine Arts department, third floor, of the Boston Public Library, where they attracted much attention. During the week of April 25 they were on exhibition at the Parlin Memorial Library, Everett, and during the week of May 2 at the Public Library, Lynn.

Any librarian desiring the collection for exhibition during the summer may arrange to have them by addressing the Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

FROM PUBLIC OFFICIALS

BESIDES the splendid Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday proclamation of Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, which was widely printed, not only in that state, but throughout the country, proclamations were issued by Governor Baxter of Maine, Governor San Souci of Rhode Island, Governor Lake of Connecticut, Governor Cooper of South Carolina, and Governor Stephens of California. Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania wrote a letter of endorsement, as did Mrs. Warren G. Harding. President Harding's letter to Dr. Rowley, published in the April *Our Dumb Animals*, was sent by the Associated Press to the newspapers of the country.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SAN FRANCISCO

A VERY complete program for Be Kind to Animals Week was carried out in San Francisco through the efforts of the S. P. C. A., under the direction of Secretary Matthew McCurrie. Much publicity was secured in the daily press by a committee appointed for this purpose. Both Governor Stephens and Mayor Rolph issued proclamations, as did the mayors in other cities of the state. An exhibition of the work of the Society, with many photographs, displayed in the show window of a leading newspaper office, attracted wide attention. Stereopticon slides and a special film illustrating the S. P. C. A. at work, were shown throughout the week at the theaters. On Monday two pensioned fire department horses were turned over to the Society by Mayor Rolph with appropriate exercises. Following this, a parade of the Society's ambulances with a fire horse in one of them, escorted by mounted police, passed through Market Street, with fire bells ringing at intervals. Wednesday was Boy Scout Day, when members of this organization visited the S. P. C. A. Hospital, and were shown first-aid help for small animals. Friday was school day, when special exercises were held, all the schools having placed the motto, "Be Kind to Animals," on the blackboards Monday. One newspaper held an essay contest for children, who wrote on "Our Animal Friends." The prize, a dog, was won by an eleven-year-old girl. An entire page of the paper was given up to essays, many of which were printed in full.

The teachings of Cowper and others who plead for humane treatment of the lower order of animals should be spread throughout all the nation. —The Indicator, Pueblo, Colo.

Not maudlin sentimentality, but a merciful attitude toward all living things should characterize the ascendancy of civilization toward the zenith of its achievement.

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

PROTECT THE BIRDS



THEY HELP
US

POSTER BY CHRISTINE L. REID
Winsor School, Boston, won third prize in Class II

FROM MASSACHUSETTS PRESS

"Be kind to animals" this week, and next week, and all the other weeks of the year. It will be hard for you to be as kind to them as they are to you.

—*Boston Evening Transcript*

A natural kindness of disposition is so great a virtue that one without it is to be pitied. Humane treatment of animals begets qualities of self-respect and friendliness that are well worth cultivating.

—*Boston Post*

Kindness to animals is, indeed, the manifestation of a quality so fundamental that without it any superstructure of civilization, no matter how apparently solid and lasting, must be forever in danger until the shortcoming is corrected.

—*Christian Science Monitor*, Boston

Humane education through the schools on Humane Day, and church emphasis on Humane Sunday, are to be desired as means of instilling in the thoughtlessness of youth the kindness and good will to be shown animal life.

—*Quincy (Mass.) Ledger*

We owe a mighty debt to dumb animals. We couldn't get along without them. Giving them a square deal is a matter of common decency, granting what they deserve.

—*Lynn Item*

Any broad-minded person knows that being kind to animals is being of aid to the general betterment of the community.

—*Taunton (Mass.) Daily Gazette*

Let's recognize the importance of domesticated animals in American life, and realizing that they are helpless before the merciless hand, spare them all unnecessary pain.

—*Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette*

A general observance of "Be Kind to Animals Week" ought to serve to make thoughtless, or heartless, people who desert their pets more regardful of the possible suffering to which they may thus subject the creatures.

—*Lowell Sun*

The degenerating effect of cruelty on the one who inflicts it is marked, and inevitable. Not one word was ever said in favor of cruelty.

—*Worcester (Mass.) Gazette*

The philosopher who said cruelty was the one unpardonable sin was not far out of the way.

—*New Bedford Standard*

THE GRIZZLY IN THE ZOO

A GRIZZLY has supersensitive ears, and a loud, harsh sounds give his nerves a harrowing shock. Through his higher development the grizzly probably suffers more intensely and enjoys more fully than other animals. The clashing city noises must be a never-ending irritation and torture to a bear who has been sentenced to end his days in a riotous environment. How he must yearn for the hush of the wilderness! And, as his sense of smell is almost amazingly developed, perhaps he longs for a whiff of pine-scented air and the wild, exquisite perfume of the violets.

Experience in many zoos has shown that subjecting caged grizzlies to close contact with people is usually cruelty to animals. Often they become cross, and a number of crowd-worried grizzlies have died prematurely from resultant apoplexy.

ENOS A. MILLS in "The Grizzly"

THE TRACTOR AND THE HORSE

DAVID H. TALMADGE

THERE was a man once not so very long ago—and he is typical of a considerable number of other men—who bought a tractor for use on his farm and sold his horses to the highest bidder.

"This machine," said the man, waving a hand at the newly-purchased tractor, "will put the farm-horse out of business."

A year later the same man advertised a second-hand tractor for sale, and announced himself in the market for horses to meet the requirements of his acreage.

Whereupon a writer of news stories, who was impelled more by a feeling of curiosity in this instance than by a business motive, approached the man and asked him questions.

"I have nothing to say against the tractor," said the man. "The tractor is a great thing. On the big ranches it has been nothing less than revolutionary. But"—and here he rubbed his nose reflectively and permitted a twinkle to show in his eyes—"my ranch is not a big one, and there are spots in it where a tractor can't be used successfully at certain seasons of the year. Sometimes my tractor mired down and I was compelled to borrow horses to get it into commission again. At other times it tipped over and had to be helped up. The firm who sold it to me put forward an argument to the effect that it would not eat. It didn't—not like a horse; it ate simply like a tractor—repairs, gasoline, oil, and a few other items, which made a fairly sizable total.

"I'm not complaining about that, because I expected it. So far as the cost of operation and upkeep is concerned, a tractor is not an unreasonable proposition. I think the weakest point in a tractor is its lack of intelligence. I never realized what a comfort and help a horse is until I attempted to supply all the intelligence for field operations myself. The tractor is absolutely the most uncongenial, unresponsive affair I ever attempted to drive. At times it seems positively devoid of sense. It is awkward and ungainly. In a field of stumps it is perfectly idiotic. In the kitchen garden spot it is quite impossible. It rushes into boggy places like a fiend—and stays there."

The twinkle had become a smile by now and irradiated his entire face.

"Now the horse is different. The horse can do something besides pull. He can help in a dozen different ways. He divides the burden of the day's work with a man. It is strange, but in thirty years of farm work I never found this out until I tried to get along without him. So far as I am concerned, and I reckon there are a good many small ranchers who will see it as I see it, the horse is a permanent thing, and this talk of his becoming obsolete is not to be accepted seriously. Two heads are better than one, even though one is a horse's head. That's one lesson that came to me from my tractor experience, and I'm feeling right now as if the lesson is worth pretty much all it cost."

THERE are many ways in which men may give their horses comfort in hot weather and save them from exhaustion and illness. They should give fresh, cool water frequently. The stable should be kept as free from flies as possible. Some men are as careful to put wire nettings in the windows and doors of a stable as to put them in the house.

FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA

Let us see to it that the lot of animals is made easier by being more kind to them ourselves.

—*Brunswick (Me.) Record*

The purpose of such a week as this is to bring home the lessons of kindness and mercy toward animals, and to create a wider, broader sympathy.

—*Daily Press*, Bristol, Conn.

Citizens in general will gain something in self-respect and in the qualities of friendliness and understanding by giving a little extra thought to the humane treatment of animals during the next few days.

—*Providence Journal*

It is the coward who beats a dog or overloads a horse; it is the cruel boy or man who stones the homeless cat, or kills birds or other creatures for the joy of killing. Cowardice and cruelty are as alien to good citizenship as they are to strength of character.

—*The Providence Tribune*

Public sentiment today is turning away from the man who does not care for the animals in his charge.

—*Providence Bulletin*

Conscious cruelty is a disease of the moral nature so wholly odious that right-minded people should fight against it as vigorously as against the typhus or the bubonic plague.

—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*

Love to animals is the A of the alphabet of civilization. One cannot do without the first letter in any alphabet.

—*Charleston (S. C.) American*

Shall we not endeavor to make the short span of life for the dumb animal know more of man's kindness?

—*Daily Democrat*, Sherman, Tex.

To reward the faithfulness of a trusting dumb animal with brutality or neglect is an evidence of coarseness and lack of character.

—*Los Angeles Evening Express*

FROM bees, and wasps, and ants, and birds, from all that love animal life on which he looks with supercilious contempt, man is destined one day to learn what in truth he really is."

DRAPER



Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JUNE, 1921

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

BRANDING DOGS

HOW far many so-called sportsmen love their dogs, or regard them as useful helpers in their sports, may be judged from the information given in the By-laws of the American Sportsman's Protective League with "national office" at Connersville, Ind. To locate lost or stolen dogs belonging to members of the League, it is purposed to brand all dogs of members on the "inside of one ear, and in such other place and manner as the League shall require." This would seem incredible did we not know how little real love for their dogs and horses many men have. Their animals are their slaves. To think of treating them as they themselves would like to be treated is farthest from their thoughts. It is hoped every humane society in the country and many individuals will protest against this cruelty. The name of the president of this League is given as Ben W. Cole, and the secretary-treasurer, D. M. Bottom. The address is Connersville, Indiana.

THE LOST DOG

WHILE it is true that dog thieves are always at work in cities, many dogs are lost to their owners through the failure to keep on the dog's neck a collar with owner's name and license number. Dogs, valuable ones, are frequently brought to us with collars on, but with no means of identification on the collar. Why not protect your dog from the sad lot of the lost and homeless?

RESPONSIVE TO CRITICISM

A LADY recently in a Massachusetts city called the attention of the manager of a moving-picture house to the film, "Trapping the Bob-cat." He promptly replied, "The films are published by the Pathé Company and sold to us by the Boston Exchange of that Company. It seems there are three reels I did not see. The first two have been shown. I have forbidden showing the third."

COMMENTING on the prize offered by the American S. P. C. A., of New York, for a humane device for capturing animals alive without injury to them, the Portsmouth, N. H., *Times* says: "Just as humane sentiment has abolished other cruel methods and practices, so will enlightened public opinion inevitably doom steel trapping with its attendant horrors."

A DAY IN HALIFAX

THURSDAY, April 28, we spent in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mr. R. H. Murray, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, in that province, wanting to awaken new interest in the work, invited us to visit the city. Here is the program for the day: A talk to some five hundred boys at St. Mary's School at 11 A.M.; at 12 a talk before the pupils of the High School, numbering about five hundred; at 1 o'clock an address before some one hundred and fifty leading business men of the city at a luncheon, on the need of humane education in the schools of the province; at 2.30 a brief talk before the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy and a large group of visitors including the Lieutenant-Governor, the Archbishop, and the Mayor. It chanced this was the opening day of this fine new building, erected since the disaster. At 4.30 Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. McCallum Grant most kindly gave a reception for us at the Government House, at which many were invited, especially those interested in humane work, and there, also, in an informal way, we spoke upon humane education as the supreme need in the school. At 8 in the evening the chief address was given in the large auditorium of the Institute for the Blind, where Sir Frederick Frazer has done such noble work. At this meeting Governor Grant presided, Mr. Murray, after a brief review of the work in Halifax, requesting him to do so. A short but beautiful musical program preceded the address.

It was an unusual visit. The gratitude of Halifax to Massachusetts for the prompt and generous aid rendered in the dark day of the great disaster accounted for much of the hospitality extended to us and the warm welcome given wherever we spoke. Mr. C. C. Blackadar, one of the most prominent of the city's business men, identified with nearly every charity in the community, and owner and editor of the *Acadian Recorder*, entertained us at his home. Mr. R. M. Symonds, a well-known wholesale merchant and former president of the S. P. C., gave us three very delightful days at his beautiful camp on his island in a nearby lake. Indeed, because of the State from which we came, the visit was made one long to be remembered. To the Governor, to the Mayor, to Mr. Murray, to all who contributed to our pleasure, we acknowledge sincerest appreciation.

WAR AND THE RETURNED SOLDIER

A RECENT editorial in this magazine seems to have been misinterpreted by certain of our returned soldiers. The editorial set forth in as strong language as we could command some of the evils that inevitably follow war. Detesting as we do all war, and regarding it as not only the supreme crime, but folly of mankind, we called attention to some of its fruits. There was not even a thought in our mind of our words as having reference to any soldier who, having faithfully served his country, had returned to take up his duties as an American citizen. No one who knows how closely this last war came into the family life of the author of the editorial would ever charge him with casting a slight upon one who had made the supreme sacrifice of being willing to die for his country.

Remember the Mass. S. P. C. A. in your will.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES

OUR readers will remember the sad story of the Baguio Dog Market, which was published with an illustrating picture in *Our Dumb Animals* some months ago. We wrote letters to Washington and Manila about this horrible business, and others did the same, so that no little public sentiment was aroused. Now a letter comes to us from Manila, from Miss Edmunds, the Secretary of the Philippine S. P. C. A., which says, "I have some joyful news to give you. The Baguio Dog Market is really closed!!! The present Governor of the Mountain Province became convinced such barbarous customs would prevent the coveted 'independence.' The dogs were brought to this market to be sold for food, and their treatment while there was of the most cruel character."

A SCHOOL DEBATE

A FEW weeks ago a debate occurred in the West Roxbury High School upon the question, "Should the Methods Used in the Slaughter of our Food Animals Be Reformed?" From all we can learn, it was won triumphantly in the affirmative by Alrick B. Facktoroff, a young Hebrew lad, who advocated the stunning or rendering unconscious by some humane device of all our food animals before the use of the knife. The fact was that after his enthusiastic and moving argument no one ventured to speak in reply.

JACK, THE AIREDALE

WE are glad to make honorable mention here of this intelligent dog who, on the 21st day of March last, jumped into a deep gully and rescued from the water Peggy Stansfield, two years old, of Milton, Massachusetts, who was in immediate danger of drowning. The particularly fine element in Jack's life-saving act was that he was no member of the Stansfield family, but happened at the time to be in the company of Peggy and her brother and sister.

AN APPEAL FOR TURKEY

MRS. ALICE W. MANNING, a devoted friend of our Societies and a worker for animals, long connected with Robert College, Constantinople, asks us to make an appeal in *Our Dumb Animals* for financial help. She has done splendid service in trying to awaken interest in Constantinople, has secured the appointment of an agent, and they are sadly in need of a few hundred dollars to help pay his salary. We shall be more than glad to forward any gifts for this purpose.

JEROME PERINET

WE learn with deep sorrow of the death of M. Jerome Perinet, on April 19. As the corresponding representative of our Society for more than ten years, M. Perinet founded his Liges de Bonte in many cantons of Switzerland and schools in France, patterning them after the American Band of Mercy. Shortly before the war started M. Perinet presented his plan for the organization of Bands of Mercy to the ministers of public instruction of nearly all the countries of Western Europe and had received favorable responses from all except Germany. M. Perinet had reached the ripe age of ninety-two years, and had devoted his long and active life to the cause of humane education.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

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THEODORE W. PEARSON, *AMBROSE F. NOWLIN*
WILLIAM ENOS

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated 637
Animals inspected 5,063
Number of prosecutions 18
Number of convictions 18
Horses taken from work 121
Horses humanely destroyed 61
Small animals humanely destroyed. 455

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 35,846
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed 106

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$800 from Allen Russell, Jr., of Acushnet "in memory of Allen Russell and Rhoda R. Russell," and \$100 from Mrs. Betsey S. Beal of Kingston.

It has received gifts of \$100 each from Mrs. C. F. R. and S. A.; \$75 from Miss M. J.; and \$25 each from Mrs. F. H. W., Miss A. M. W., Mrs. L. L., R. T. P. A., and V. A. A., "in memory of Ali Baba."

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Eliza D. Robinson of Worcester, George F. Simpson of Newton, Cyrus C. Mayberry of Boston, and Ellen V. Pierce of Somerville.

The American Humane Education Society has received gifts of \$100 from Mme A. de C.; \$50 from Mrs. F. W. V., and \$20 from a New York Friend.

May 10, 1921.

FREE COPIES

ANY person desiring a copy of the twelve-page Be Kind to Animals Week Supplement, issued Sunday, April 10, of this year, by the *Charleston, S. C., American*, may receive a free copy by addressing Henry F. Lewith, P. O. Box 595, Charleston, S. C.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S., *Chief Veterinarian*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. *Resident*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D. *Assistants*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 371	Cases 475
Dogs 254	Dogs 316
Cats 81	Cats 145
Horses 31	Horses 6
Birds 2	Birds 4
Sheep 2	Rabbits 2
Rabbit 1	Squirrel 1
Operations 225	Cow 1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 22,080	
Free Dispensary cases	26,368
Total	48,448

MRS. JEANNIE L. C. COUCH

WE have lost an ardent humane worker in the person of Mrs. Jeannie Lafin Crane Couch, president of the Berkshire Animal Rescue League, who died May 3 at her home in Dalton. She was a native of Dalton, where she had always lived. Her husband, Dr. Franklin Couch, died several years ago.

Mrs. Couch was the founder of the League and of the Home for Little Brothers of Dalton, where stray animals are cared for, and was recognized as a leader of humane work throughout Berkshire County. She had presented watering troughs for horses to Pittsfield and Dalton.

Mrs. Couch was an honorary vice-president and life member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and especially active in promoting humane educational campaigns among young people. Our sincere sympathy goes forth to her surviving son, Mr. Franklin L. Couch, and to the other members of her family.

A WORD TO THE LAWMAKERS

THE bear is the most harmless animal in the woods, says Howard Wood of Bangor, chief game warden and president of the Maine Game Wardens' Association. He sleeps all winter and lives on roots and berries in the summer—those of them that escape the trapper. I have never heard that a bear ever killed a human being. A bear has a gentle, forgiving disposition. Bear hunting and trapping furnish the excuse for a certain class of men to be in the woods with traps and guns when all other game is protected. It affords an excuse to cover up all the other lawless killing. I have stood for the bear and preached for his protection for ten years, and, while I do not know whether I have made any impression on the bear, I am pretty sure I have made none on the lawmakers.

THE HORSE'S VACATION — AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

He who has seen one of these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the seeming joy the poor creature has manifested when he found the soft earth beneath his feet, and knew the luxury of rolling on the cool, green grass.

Is this to be all the Heaven these road-weary toilers are ever to know? At least let us give them this here and now.

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement.

HEARD AND SEEN

IT WAS just an old horse
STANDING by the curb,
AND AS I passed
I STOPPED and stroked
HIS MANE
AND HE looked at me
FROM FRIENDLY eyes
AND SEEMED to thank me
FOR PETTING him
AND AS I went on
I WISHED that somewhere
THERE MIGHT be
GREEN FIELDS
WHERE SUCH horses might
BE TURNED out to rest,
WITH SWEET nature
JUST AS we humans
LIKE TO rest as we
GROW TIRED or old.

HARVARD in *Washington Times*

A COMPULSORY humane education bill has been introduced in the Indiana legislature, through the efforts of Mrs. Rose Strong, president of the Evansville S. P. C. A.

A SPEAKER was irritated by the noise made by the assemblage. "Silence!" he roared. "I want this hall to be so still you can hear a pin drop." There was a deadly quiet for a moment; then an irrepressible youth piped up: "Let 'er drop."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated, but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars, (or if other property, describe the property).



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C. Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder Cuba
Toufik Chamie Damascus, Syria
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling England
Edward Fox Sainsbury France
William B. Allison Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot Porto Rico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning Turkey
D. D. Fitch Venezuela

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

FOR TEACHERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE best evidence that the subject of humane education is receiving more consideration among teachers and school authorities are the requests that come to us for our publications. An edition of nearly 20,000 of "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education," printed a year ago, has been going out steadily, until less than 7,000 are on hand. Its circulation represents hundreds of places in the United States, but the largest single order thus far came from South Africa. Forty-seven hundred pamphlets were recently shipped to Cape Town to supply the teachers in that city and its environs. We are able to send a copy to any address in the United States, postpaid, for 10 cents.

CONDITIONS IN MADEIRA

Veterinarian Wanted to Open Hospital for Animals

FROM Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton, our field representative in Funchal, Madeira, comes this interesting communication of March 14:

"In spite of the unparalleled increase in the price of fodder, the animals, on the whole, present a well-fed appearance.

"Our little Animal Hospital, built under great difficulties during the war, is ready as far as the outer building is concerned, but the internal arrangements we have not yet been able to begin upon. It requires furnishing and all the needful installation, which, owing to limited means we have not yet been able to provide. The greatest difficulty, however, lies in the fact that there is no veterinary surgeon in the island, and until one can be induced to come, it would be futile to attempt to open our Hospital. All efforts at getting one to come here have so far met with no success. Our Society is ready to put all facilities in his way should an enterprising veterinary be found who is willing to try his luck here.

"I regret to say that I find that the events of the past years have sadly dulled the interest of the public in this branch of humane work. Under the management of our new president, Dr. Alexander da Cunha Teles, the work of the Society for the Protection of Domestic Animals is most satisfactorily and efficiently handled.

"We are about to enter upon the sugar cane harvest—the time when the carting of heavy loads of cane to the mills renders the strictest supervision in the streets necessary, and that often night and day. So widespread is the area where the cane is carted that the means in our power are utterly inefficient to cope with the evil of overloading and overworking, which goes on during three to four months of the harvest. However, the Society has done its best, and worked hard at this, its perhaps greatest problem, and on the whole there is vast improvement. Some motor lorries have come into use, which greatly relieve the work, and many mules have been imported to replace the oxen, which, as they are much harder and stronger, is also an improvement."

METHODIST CHURCH IN LINE

THE following resolution was adopted in March by the Wisconsin and West Wisconsin Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These two Conferences together have over 500 ministers, about 60,000 members, and reach with adherents about 100,000 people:

"We express our belief in the importance of the principles of humane work, as it applies to kindness to animals, protection of children, and helpfulness to the aged and helpless. We believe its propagation is distinctly a function within the province of the minister of Christ. We recommend the emphasis of humane work in our Sunday-schools. We favor humane education in our public schools, and public instruction generally in the principles of kindness to all creatures. We commend the action of our state legislature in establishing the Wisconsin Department of Humane Work, and pledge our support to the State's endeavor to promote this great cause."

Have you joined the Jack London Club?

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

SO many strikes are being reported throughout the country, especially in the printing and allied trades, that if copies of *Our Dumb Animals* are not received on time our patrons are requested to bear in mind that the delay is due probably to labor troubles. So far, we have been fortunate in not being seriously inconvenienced in this way, but should delays occur, we trust subscribers will be patient and make liberal allowances before writing to us.

THE HORSE UNDER FIRE

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

THE noble horse is a very calm animal under stormy or dangerous circumstances. A remarkable example of the coolness displayed by horses amid the din of war was shown at the front in France, and the soldiers who had the opportunity to personally observe the attitude of the faithful horse, while under shell-fire, can realize what an indispensable role was played in the World War by our good old domestic friends.

While serving on the front in France, I was more than once astonished and impressed by the actions of horses when the shells began to burst and the deadly gas spread its fatal wings over the field of battle. One night, near Chateau-Thierry, a heavy barrage began to fall in our vicinity, and the horses, which were also open to the danger, did not scatter or run. Instead, three of them, following the example of the soldiers, lay down promptly and waited until the shelling was over. Only one of them was killed, and that poor fellow had remained standing.

Another time, while moving along a road that was under enemy observation, the shells started to burst on both sides of our column. But the good old horses plodded on; the greatest bravery was shown, and, fortunately, none were lost. In time, I hope, there will be more space allotted in history to the excellent part which horses played in the late war. Only the highest praise would be their just dues.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

WARREN MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

ROLAND D. SAWYER

MISS CORNELIA WARREN of Walham, cousin of the late John E. Warren, representing the second generation of this family in the ownership of the large Cumberland Paper Mills, Westbrook, Maine, has remembered her kinsman by erecting a beautiful drinking-fountain for people and dogs along the river-pathway of the village. The late John E. Warren was a great lover of animals, especially dogs. Since the erection of the mills and although the employees run into thousands, there has never been a single labor trouble. It appears a tender-hearted lover of the mute world proves also a just and kind employer.

The fountain is the work of Miss Bashka Paeff of Pinckney Street, Boston, one of the foremost of America's younger sculptors. The conception was original with Miss Paeff, and is well designed for the location and object. On a rough boulder, partly covered with moss, a nude boy is gracefully and naturally seated; and is holding his hand in such a way as to guide a tiny stream of water down the rock side into a pool below, where dogs may drink, and where his own dog companion, a beautiful great Belgian police dog, is gracefully posed against the boulder.

The fountain was the central piece in an exhibit of Miss Paeff's recent work at the Guild of Boston Artists, and was much admired.

Miss Paeff's mother-instinct is quickly noted in the soft, tender lines of the boy's body; and her love for animals was apparent at the exhibit, for several pieces there were of dogs and horses.

The boy, a fine, healthy lad of seven or eight, is a likeness of a grandson of Mr. Warren. The inscription is as follows:

"In affectionate memory of John E. Warren, a loyal member of the community, who planned this path by the river, this fountain is placed by his cousin, Cornelia Warren. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'—Proverbs 10:7."

IN MEMORY OF TWO HEROES

A FUND is being raised for the erection of a statue in memory of the "heroes of Death Valley," Lou Westcott Beck and his dog, Rufus. It is fitting to honor such noble heroes who gave so much of their lives in life-saving service. They rescued the perishing in a vast, desolate and dangerous region. Both man and dog were of heroic mold. For twelve years they explored the Great American desert, blazed the trails, sought out the water-holes and marked them so that wayfarers might live. More than a hundred human lives were saved by these courageous, self-sacrificing scouts.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to Beck and Rufus in Brookside Park, Pasadena, costing \$5,000. The design for it, made by Miss Maud Daggett, has been accepted. Contributions are solicited. We hope there will be a quick and generous response. Gifts sent to *Our Dumb Animals* for this fund will be forwarded promptly.

..

THE probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



WARREN MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, WESTBROOK, MAINE
The Work of Miss Bashka Paeff, Boston

SAVED BY A COLLIE

R. S. WEST

LOVE of a collie for its mistress probably saved Mrs. M. Funk, of Little Rock, Ark., from being attacked by a robber recently. The man knocked at the back door while Mrs. Funk's husband was away from home, and when she opened the door he forced his way inside the house. After she waged a battle with him, the collie heard the racket and leaped in at the rear door. He attacked the robber and routed him. Mrs. Funk was almost prostrated from fright and swooned upon the bed. The collie was standing beside the bed, guarding his mistress when the police arrived.

CONSERVING THE WAG

MEB-BE *ma dog's tail ain't de very bes' wan*
Dat's never be seen on no show,
But she's w'at de God geeve heem, ma leetle Carlo,
For wear 'em so long lak he can.

Dere's manny smart feller was say: "You beeg foo"

For not have dat pup' tail cut short;
Will git heem de firs' prize, sure t'ing, if you do;
He's oderwise mark lak he ought."

I tole dem I don't care if 'tis leetle long.
Dat tail was sure suit heem jes' right;
An' if I was dock heem, I t'ink 't'would be wrong,
Leave not'ing for wag ev'ry night.

A. L. T. CUMMINGS in *The Mainiac*

MAETERLINCK'S DOG

GOLAUD is a mongrel bull-dog, which is equivalent in the canine world to being without caste; but he is too proud to care what people think of him. He is a serious dog; he is sure of himself; he has weighed everything and formed his own conclusions. If he could speak he would preach. From that pugilistic-looking mouth of his, wise maxims would come forth, together with lectures as wearisome as they would, no doubt, be appropriate.

He has none of the hideous beauties that constitute the value of his kind. His teeth do not stick out from his jaws; his eyes do not start out of his head; his short tail has no bends and corners to it; his legs are straight. For these reasons he is scorned by the judges, but unanimously admired by the crowd. . . .

Most people think Golaud charming. His rather loose, khaki-colored coat gives him an English appearance, while his black mask and his Arab eyes, so gentle and intelligent, add a final attraction to his personality. . . .

His beginnings were very humble. One Sunday Golaud stood at the corner of one of the main Paris thoroughfares, resignedly awaiting his destiny. Beside him stood a man of an ill-favored countenance.

"A hundred francs!" said the man to everybody that passed. "A hundred francs!" . . .

Maeterlinck saw the dog in passing and was won by the look in his eyes: "I'll give you two louis," he said. . . .

This was fifteen years ago, before there were taxis in Paris. The two companions drove across the town in a closed cab. Their fortuitous union was to last for many a long year. Meanwhile they traveled at a leisurely pace, the gentle trot of an elderly horse. What did they say to each other? I was never told; but I know that, when I came home an hour later, I found a note on the hall table saying: "There is a harmless dog in the dressing-room."

Maeterlinck had scribbled this in pencil on an odd scrap of paper; and the word "harmless," "*inoffensif*," was so badly written that I took it for the name of some Russian breed of hound and felt anything but reassured.

With the greatest caution I opened the door of the room containing the dog. He was sleeping quietly in front of the fire. At my approach he rose, came towards me, staggering on his clumsy feet, and stopped to look at me, without betraying any other feeling than a solemn curiosity. I was won over there and then. He followed me into the dining-room and shared my meal; a little later he asked me to open the door. His general bearing inspired such confidence that it was impossible to refuse him anything. . . .

At that time we were living at Passy, in a house with a patrician air, standing in an old, terraced garden. At one end of the house a few steps led to a little lodge which Maeterlinck had fitted as his study. Here were white walls hung with engravings, a great table heaped with books and the veriest minimum of chairs, for visitors were not encouraged. On the floor were more books, dictionaries, newspapers and reviews, all lying in a disorder that constituted a kind of order, for it never varied. Two windows opened upon a disused balcony, covered with creepers and climbing plants. On the mantelpiece and a number of shelves were red-painted pots containing a host of queer, hairy, or aggressively spiky objects, dusty and dry, but clinging obstinately to life. These were the cacti, for which Maeterlinck had an affection.

Here, on the morrow of his arrival, the new dog, christened Golaud, was to undergo the great and supreme ordeal, which consists in behaving well while the master is at work.

Do not imagine that this is an easy thing for a dog to do! He must not snore too loudly, nor scratch himself too vigorously, nor move about too much. Golaud passed the ordeal magnificently, but in a manner peculiar to himself. . . . Seated beside his master, he gazed at him as he wrote, seeking in vain for the explanation of an action which he had never before observed and of which he failed to see the attraction.

After several mornings spent in observation, Golaud resigned himself to slumber.—"Maeterlinck's Dogs," by GEORGETTE LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK

WINGED AEROPLANES

R. S. WEST

THE speed at which a duck can fly is much greater than the average person would suppose. For instance, it has been estimated by a competent authority that the speed of the canvasback duck is ninety-eight miles per hour; that of the blue winged teal duck, eighty-nine miles; and that of the Canada goose, seventy-six miles. These speeds are probably in excess of their average flights, however.

SCREECH OWL NEIGHBORS

WINTHROP PACKARD

Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

THERE came mild weather in March, days and nights when it seemed as if spring were really here, and all through these nights we heard the little owls calling in the orchard. It is too bad that these little fellows were ever named screech owls, for they never screech. That's an owl name that came from Europe with the Pilgrims and which they seem to have attached to the first American owl they knew. European owls may deserve it. Only one of ours does.



Photo by L. W. Brownell

ADULT SCREECH OWL

Deep in the woods I have heard the great horned owl give out a most blood-curdling screech, a sound that suggests both agony and remorse. Even he does not screech thus commonly. His usual call is a hoot, sounding in the distance not unlike the barking of a deep-voiced dog.

Our other big owl, the barred owl, hoots also, a rather startling sound when near in the dusk, but nothing like a screech. As for the little owls, they called to one another in quavering ululations that had in them tones of tenderness delightful to hear. You could note a questioning phrase ending in a rising inflection often repeated, seemingly answered by a similar query, followed again by one or both birds with a shorter, soothed and satisfied reply, a murmured answer.

Here, one fancied, was a lover's litany, a "do you love me; 'deed I do, Honey," repeated again and again, now from one direction, now from another as the birds flitted from tree to tree. It was almost impossible to see them. Owls fly swiftly on singularly silent wings. Once on a moon-flooded night I got one on a bare limb, silhouetted against the moon, an eight-inch stub of a bird with erect ear tufts. Later in the year I found one of them sitting in the hollow of an ancient stump of an apple tree, his big eyes closed to narrow slits, waiting for the dusk, which begins his day.

I fancy this was his regular roosting shelter, for all about were the usual owl pellets made up of the indigestible portions of his mid-night suppers. Owls swallow their food whole and the indigestible portions are later regurgitated. From these I learned how useful to me he had been in his dining. Many of these pellets showed the remains of insects, legs, wing-cases and hard parts of grasshoppers or beetles; others held hides and bones of field mice; only a few showing feathers. Investigations by the Biological Survey at Washington have shown the food of these softly-calling night birds to be five-sixths composed of mice, insects, and other undesirable field dwellers.

We should welcome the little owls to the orchards, not only for their soothing, soft, murmuring calls at night, but also for the police work which they do among the small rodents and insect pests.

THE CROW FAMILY

LILLIAN L. TROTT

WHEN we hear the raven spoken of as "bird of ill omen," we have but to recall that ravens fed Elijah. And the ebony bird is related to our common crow and much resembles him in all but size, extraordinary intelligence, appetite for every good thing, like us humans, and, unlike humans, for everything not so good, and for their sociable habit of neighborliness and delight in villages of nests.

The fish-crow, magpie, rook, and jay, all belong to the same family as the raven, and as our common crow that holds melting-weather conferences every spring and appears to emulate the country people with its town meetings.

Although so friendly with neighbors and building handy to one another, the crow family is by nature a contradiction, for it steals from the fellow across the limb. But let any bird not included in this cousinly list undertake to build or even enter the rookery, and he will be driven thence. And next year they will nest in the same village in the tallest tree-tops, the parents and grandparents up to many generations, revamping their former homes, while the newly paired couples build new from the foundations.

It is a touching fact that while the female hatches the five brown-spotted blue-green eggs, her mate industriously moils to feed her. And no human father is more distressed at signs of a foe upon the threshold than is the crow defender when enemies attack his home. Crows learn to talk almost as readily as parrots, but are very suspicious. It has ever been a moot question whether crows do more harm to crops than they do good by the swarms of vermin they destroy in the self-same fields.

LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW DOG

LLOYD GEORGE has followed President Harding's example. He has adopted a new dog.

Like President Harding, the English Prime Minister loves animals. Now he has just imported a huge St. Bernard from the Alps of Switzerland.

But even a Prime Minister's dog is held in quarantine in England, and the majestic guardian of the passes of the Alps was obliged to wait before he could become the pet of Lloyd George.

—Boston Post

TO A HUMMINGBIRD MOTH

MARION FORSTER GILMORE

SO small—and yet so birdlike, Sweet, I deemed
You were a baby hummingbird, nor dreamed
That you could be an insect. Oh! to see
So slight a thing equipped so wondrously,
With wings Queen Mab might envy and a beak
Fine as an elfin sword, through which you seek
The sweetness that the blossoms yield to you
In speechless love! Nectar and honey-dew
Sustain your tiny life through golden hours
Until, at last, you lie among the flowers,
Frail as a perished blossom, on the breast
Of your great Mother, folded to your rest.

THE TRAGEDY OF A DEVOUT
ROOSTER

W. A. ROBINSON

President Ohio Humane Society

NEAR Deland, Florida, is the Lou Gim Gong, citrus groves of 1,500 trees, which during the past year was visited by over 3,000 tourists, to see and hear the proprietor, who is a very devout Chinese bachelor, living alone in the midst of his fruits, flowers, and birds. He avers that in answer to prayer, in harmony with the Scripture, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him," he was led to the discovery of the famous Gim Gong orange, which will stay on the tree four years, if need be, till he is able to pick it, improving all the while; a special grace bestowed because the prejudice against him as a Chinaman withheld pickers from him when most needed. Though alone, he has had and has numerous pets, horse, cats, and, last of all, a rooster, which has biological, zoological and theological fame. When he was but a few days from the shell, he was providentially dropped, with wing lacerated and head clawed, a gasping mite, fifty-fifty as to life and death, upon the lawn. He was "A stranger and he took him in," and nourished him, and made him his table companion. There he learned to bow his head and lower his tail colors when his master asked the divine blessing, nor would he touch a crumb till "Amen" was said, when he lifted his head and "fell to." But not only so, but when visitors offered him food he would refuse to touch it till some one said "Amen."

But as his life began in tragedy, so it ended. He could not tolerate a dog on the place. Here again he was scriptural: "Without are dogs." He would assault the canine intruder with beak and spur. But alas for him! when he was in the ninth year of his devout life, "Twa dog" showed up together, and while he was valiantly routing one in front, the other made a cowardly flank attack upon him, and between them they put upon him the crown of martyrdom. But no Egyptian mummy can put anything over on him, for his embalmed remains, in a concrete way, perpetuate his memory.

It is cruel to tie a dog under a wagon. If the animal is tired, he must run until he becomes exhausted. Take him in your wagon.

To hatch its eggs, the bird covers them with the quilt of its breast; it strains them to the furnace of its heart. The Lycosa turns hers in front of the hearth of hearths; she bakes them the sun as an incubator.

J. H. FABRE

The Lost Passenger Pigeon

FLORENCE L. CLARK



FINE SPECIMEN OF PASSENGER PIGEON

THE last scene of the last act in the tragedy of the passenger pigeon is the present search of museums for stuffed members of the lost species which are here and there in private possession. The pigeon in the photograph, owned by a Mississippi River fisherman, W. H. Elwell of McGregor, Iowa, will bring almost any price, for it is an unusually fine specimen of the beautiful passenger pigeon.

In the same locality along the Mississippi, where a half century ago this pigeon was captured, live passenger pigeons up to 1857 were the pest of the wheat farmer. In order to get rid of them they trapped the birds in nets and hauled them to the market by the wagon load, where they were glad to sell their catch at any price. The pigeons were shipped to eastern markets by the carload.

Volumes have been written on the overwhelming tragedy of the passenger pigeon, but if one will hurry, it is yet possible to get the story at first hand. Here and there in the north middle western states an aged man or woman may be found who "remembers as though it were yesterday" when the passenger pigeons traveled in flocks of countless millions north over the Mississippi Valley.

One of these pioneers is Robert Quigley, a former Iowa senator. Mr. Quigley was born in the forties in a log cabin near the Mississippi. He remembers when the valley in which they lived in the spring of the year used to become dark in the middle of the day, because the pigeons were flying over it in such hordes as completely to shut off the sun.

"If it were late in the day," Mr. Quigley says, "sometimes the flocks dropped like a cloud from the sky to roost in the woods along the creek. Such masses of them bunched together on the trees that all night we heard the cracking of the limbs as they broke under their weight. In the early morning they arose with a mighty roar of wings, and in a couple of minutes were only a black speck in the northern sky, so rapidly did they fly.

"We used to find beechnuts in the crops of those we killed, showing that they had come three hundred miles or more since their last feeding. It was just as the wheat had

been put in the ground in the spring by the farmers of the northern central states that the immense flocks came. That is why they were such a pest, for they settled down on the fields like the grasshopper swarms of recent years. I have seen them go over a wheat field, rolling like a great blue wave. Not a kernel of wheat would be left."

The last time Mr. Quigley remembers seeing the passenger pigeons nesting in great numbers was in 1859. After that, he says, they began to diminish rapidly. In 1870 they had become so reduced in numbers that only small flocks were seen, and these were so rare that hunters were all agog when a flock of pigeons was reported in any neighborhood. A few years later the very last of the species winged their flight up the Mississippi. Now there is not a live passenger pigeon in all America, and the museums are offering fabulous prices for a stuffed one.

"How could they entirely disappear?" Mr. Quigley was asked.

His answer was the same as that of all who try to explain to the wondering men and women of this generation the greatest tragedy in American wild life—the extinction of the graceful, beautiful passenger pigeon.

They were trapped in colossal numbers in the spring before the breeding season, at first because they were injurious to the crops, and later by the market hunters. As their numbers became less and the market for them better, they were hunted and trapped all winter in the south and all summer in the north. The immense flocks were reduced to small flocks by this wholesale slaughter. Then the small flocks were shot to death by local hunters.

So it happened that one day the nation awoke to the astounding knowledge that in place of millions of wild pigeons, there was not one at large. Of the few in captivity the very last one died a number of years ago in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens.

The faithfulness of the pigeon to its mate made the utter annihilation of them possible. The passenger pigeon chose its mate for life. If either of the pair was killed, the other remained a celibate the rest of its days.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and eighty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in April. Of these, 122 were in schools of Connecticut; 110 in schools of Rhode Island; 90 in schools of Massachusetts; 60 in schools of Texas; 40 in schools of Georgia; 22 in schools of Maine; 22 in schools of Florida; eight in Virginia; five in Tennessee; three in New Jersey; and one each in Pennsylvania, Mississippi, and Oregon.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 132,816

AT U. S. GOVERNMENT SCHOOL

AN interesting program of twenty numbers, including songs and recitations, was given by the pupils of the United States Indian Vocational School, Phoenix, Arizona, on the evenings of April 14 and 15, in honor of Be Kind to Animals Week. The principal teacher, Mr. John Whitwell, wrote us that every boy and girl in the school committed to memory one of the selections mentioned in the program. These included such pieces as "The Horse's Prayer," Vest's "Tribute to the Dog," Howell's "Eulogy on the Horse," etc. This school is a part of the United States Indian Service, under the direction of the Department of the Interior. "Our Dumb Animals" continues to be very popular with the students," says Mr. Whitwell.

THE *Union Record*, Seattle, Wash., conducted a prize contest for children under fourteen who best answered, in not more than 100 words, six simple questions in regard to being kind to animals. The prize was a large jar of hard candies.

CHAT ABOUT CATS

A CAT in her twenty-first year, known as Thomasea, whose counted progeny amounts to 117, died late in April at Hanson, Mass. Her owner, W. Hallie Keene, says she was the grandmother of most of the prominent mousers in Hanson and Bryantville.

Postmaster Wish of Portland, Me., has added to his official staff Elizabeth, a three-months'-old cat, who has been given by the department an annual allowance of \$9.10 for maintenance. The cat was found to be necessary to protect parcel post packages from mice.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.



Courtesy of Worcester Telegram

FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBIT OF BIRD-HOUSES BY PUPILS OF GREENDALE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WORCESTER, MASS.

THE SOUL OF A SQUIRREL

FRANCES JEFFERSON

MY hunting days are over!" announced my father.

"What is the matter, Dad? You are not acknowledging that your age interferes, are you?" flippantly inquired my brother Bob.

To Bob, Father has always been the "best sport ever," and the two, with Joe, our setter dog, have chummed together ever since the first time that the youngster ever showed an interest in the outdoor world. Father had taught him, day by day, the lore of the woods and fields, the hidden secrets of the streams, and the habits of the wild beasts. They had hunted and fished together, and to Bob, Father's statement was pure heresy.

"No, Son, I am not too old for it. I guess that I never before realized that the animals I have shot were anything other than legitimate prey for us humans."

"Well, aren't they?" demanded Bob. "Surely, Dad, you are not getting queer about that, are you?"

"Not exactly queer, Son, but I rather guess that God gave even the gray squirrels a soul. I never quite believed it before, but today I just had it forced upon me. If you care to hear, I will tell you about it."

"Early this morning Joe treed a plump, little squirrel, and I got a clean enough shot at it. When I got up to where the little beggar had fallen, I found that it was still living. For some reason, I stopped and looked down at it for a minute. There was an almost human look in those eyes. It was reproach mingled with pain, and it cut me to the quick. I felt as though I had shot Joe and he was questioning why I, to whom he had done no harm, should be so cruel. As these thoughts went through my mind, the little creature reached out his paw and drew a large leaf toward him. I had shot to kill, but he seemed to have gained the victory. He seemed to say with his eyes: 'You poor specimen of a man, what do you understand?' He drew the leaf over his face and the little body quivered and was still. I was shut out from something. I was nothing but a killer and should not see. It was as if that little

animal saw God, but I was not worthy. I took off my cap and there in the woods I made a vow that I should never again shoot one of God's creatures for pleasure. Joe seemed to understand, for he nosed my hand sympathetically. I dug a little grave and placed the squirrel in it. Then Joe and I wandered home again."

Bob was silent for a minute. Then he blurted out: "All right, Dad, I'm with you. I reckon that God did have more souls than just for us humans."

WHITE ROBIN ARRIVES

MRS. F. G. VAN NEST

RESIDENTS of Spencerport, N. Y., have a new sensation. A white robin is sojourning among them and many residents and non-residents are interested in the phenomenon. The robin has made its home in one of the orchards just outside the village.

It arrived with the other robins and lives among them on terms that could not be more intimate if all robins were color blind. It has not been noticed whether the bird has a mate, but those who are watching the unusual visitor feel they will have no difficulty in deciding the matter as the season advances. Those who have seen it say it is perfectly white all over, with the exception of a few black streaks running from the head toward the wings. Its breast is as white as its back, which is no whiter than its wings or its tail.

OPEN the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need.
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave—
Open the door of your heart.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

FROM THE ANIMALS' COMMITTEE

Christian Science Monitor, April 14, 1921

WE are all very grateful for Kindness to Animals Week, which, as we are sure you all know, is this week. But as Mr. Bull Frog, who is just beginning to talk again these nice warm days, remarks, it is not only for a Kindness to Animals Week that we are grateful, but for the greater and greater kindness that is being shown us, all the year round.

Bob White, for instance, tells us that the way in which the boys and girls and grown-ups, too, have been helping the birds along this winter is just wonderful, putting food in nice handy places, fastening it up on trees or spreading it out in sheltered spots on the snow.

Indeed, all the animals had something nice to say in this way, at the recent meeting of the Animals' Committee. Mr. Just A. Horse, for instance, who works in a big city carrying groceries round to various houses says he has been specially grateful, recently, for the cheerful way humans take notice of him, every now and again. Nothing, he says, and we all know just what he means, makes him more cheerful than for boys and girls to say "Hello!" to him as they pass. He has a way, he tells us, of putting his two fore feet up on the side-walk or pavement while he is waiting for his master. He did it one day just for fun, but he has gone on doing it because he finds so many people stop in a friendly way, and speak to him about it.

"Hello there!" says one man, every now and again, when he sees him. "Hello there! What do you mean by putting your feet up on our side-walk. Haven't you got the whole street to stand in?" And Just A. Horse waggles his ears with pleasure at a good joke.

But, goodness, how we do wander on don't we? But indeed we do love to be talked to. Birds like it, cows like it, dogs like it, tremendously. We all like it, and we are all so glad that you are beginning to talk to us more.

With kindest greetings,

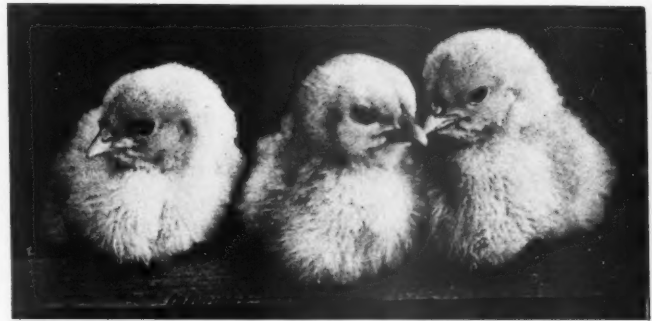
(Signed for the Animals' Committee),

A. FOX TERRIER JUST A. HORSE BOB WHITE
A. HOLSTEIN-COW BULL FROG



POSTER BY GRETA PELLETIER

Saltonstall School, Salem, Mass., won third prize in Class III in Be Kind to Animals Week contest of Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (See page 6.)



LITTLE CHICKENS

G. FRANK BURNS

PRETTY little chickens, downy, cute and small,
You are sweet and lovely,—feathers, head, and all.
Come and come a-running, jump onto my hand—
Rub your bills against me, kiss me if you can.

Do you think I'd hurt you? No siree, I won't.
'Cause you're cute and pretty; now you see, I don't.
Cuddle close, yet closer; I'm as good as I can be.
O, you're mine to keep and fondle. I don't hurt you, chickees, see?

I throw no stones at birdies, nor at chickees, too.
I just love you all the harder, when the boys throw sticks at you.
Go, now, to your mother. She is waiting in the yard—
Aren't they cute? What beauties! And I love them, love them hard.

CANINE GRIEF

H. E. ZIMMERMAN

AFTER eleven years of canine friendship, ever since they were four weeks old, "Duke" now refuses to leave the grave of "Queenie," his mate, who died a short time ago. Every morning Duke follows the path down to a small mound



"DUKE" AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MATE

under a poplar tree and keeps vigil by the grave all day. It is near the spot where the children used to romp with the dogs. The grave is kept decorated with flowers by the children. Duke belongs to C. H. Hack, of Dayton, Ky.

JACK LONDON CLUB

(Continued from page 4)

through the metal platform, switched on by his master in the wings below, that made him seem so willing to jump.

"It is only natural that these antics should please a child, but we grown-ups should look below the surface, and, if we stop to think at all, realize that it is not natural for a bear to roller-skate, a horse or dog to leap any great distance into water, a monkey to ride a bicycle, etc. The only thing that can force them to do these unnatural things is fear of brutal punishment, or some hidden, cleverly constructed device, such as the electric switch.

"It was not until I worked in vaudeville, however, that I learned the whole truth about performing animals. My late husband was a devoted animal lover and we were both miserable on these vaudeville tours because each week brought us in contact with one more sad group of neglected animals living with only hatred in their little hearts for the man who owned them and lived by their daily efforts.

"There are never any comfortable quarters in the theaters for any of the animals. They are kept under the stage where it is dark and damp, their only light being a few electric lights burning all day. They get no exercise, because, for the convenience of constant traveling, their cages are made as small as possible.

"I was shocked to find that most of the owners of large 'animal acts' do not train their own animals. It seems there is a training school for animals, in the Middle West—I do not know if it still exists or not—and there one could buy any kind of a performing animal and make it earn a living for its purchaser. Most of the men I saw living on the efforts of poorly cared for dumb beasts, were smug, fat, heartless men, who chose this way only as the easiest means of making a living.

"There is a society in Boston called the Jack London Club, and the members are trying to stamp out this form of cruelty—which the public realizes so little—by leaving the theater as soon as the animal act comes on. This mark of disapproval cannot fail to be effective. We want the support of all animal lovers in America, to make this club a success, and so insure civilized entertainments, given without cruelty. We must not advertise cruelty under the head-line of Amusement! Let us protect our abused but faithful friends from a pitiful and helpless life of suffering."

WILD ANIMALS IN ARKANSAS

WOLVES, deer, and a few bear are still to be found in the state of Arkansas. When the streams overflow, many deer can be seen making their way to higher ground. The bears are scarce and very rarely venture into a place where they can be seen. But the wolves of this state are extremely bold, at times. In the valleys, near Conway, Ark., wolves are reported to be plentiful this year, and several hogs have been killed and eaten by the wolves. A farmer of Stone County, Ark., found a giant wolf dead in the woods near his home not long since. He brought the head of the animal in to Guion, Ark., where it was viewed by many of the citizens. It was said to have been the largest wolf ever seen in that part of the state. R. S. W.

HE WAS ONLY A GORILLA

A DOLEFUL, dejected, homesick gorilla died in Madison Square Garden a few days ago. John Daniel was the name he bore. He was free-born, but kidnapped as a baby and taken far away from his jungle playground. In a home near London the little great ape mingled with the children, who made a pet and companion of him.

Last January he was purchased for Ringling's circus and brought over to this country. Loneliness, humiliation and sickness came upon him and showed with every breath of life. He could not bear the glaring eyes of the curious crowd and tried to hide beneath his blanket. He grew more and more desolate and miserable; could not endure the circus life and wanted to die. But he was very valuable alive and much was done to keep him from pining away. A last resort was to cable to London to a girl companion of John Daniel's, bidding her come at once, expenses guaranteed. But the heartsick gorilla died before his one good friend could reach his cage-side. He was undeservedly unhappy—a helpless victim of human curiosity and cupidity. The *New York Herald's* editorial fittingly closes the account of John Daniel:

The Soul of a Gorilla

"To speak of the pathos of a gorilla looks like a paradox, but the poor animal that went over the great divide on Sunday, via the Madison Square Garden tower, was a gentle creature, and it is impossible not to feel a pang over his premature passing. If they kept simian vital statistics John Daniel's death would be set down to pneumonia; but in fact he died of 'a green and yellow melancholy.' His attendants, who know monkey nature, diagnosed his malady as homesickness and loneliness.

"It is the fate of all gorillas in captivity. Whether in the noisy arena of the circus, like this one, or the sheltered repose of the zoo, they sicken and fade after a few weeks or months. One is said to have lived seven years or so somewhere in Germany, but he is the only exception. Feather beds, dainty food, well warmed rooms make little or no difference. Even human companionship, though much enjoyed, has not salvation in it. Life loses interest for the great ape man in sophisticated surroundings; he loses his hold on it and it slips away through the instrumentality of some convenient germ, settling malignantly in the throat or the lungs.

"What is the mystery of this irreconcilable longing for the primitive wilds? What sense of the burning equatorial sun, what vision of the jungle with its swamps and thickets, what memory of the old free ranging days, the long, drowsy nights, when all inclination was unrestrained; what dumb but intense hankering after his own kind besets the poor caged creature, robbed of his will, of the wondrous gift of motion far and wide, of the seclusion of the forest, shared only by his like and by only a few of these? What longings and how clearly defined are they that smolder in the elementary brain with a dull but intolerable ache, and which can express themselves only in the cavernous sadness of the eyes?

"To the student of mind and feeling there is here a strange and a wide field for inquiry. It is so very human and yet so hard to understand or explain in the absence of word symbols and abstract ideas in the monkey mind. However the psychologist may deal with the

case, there cannot fail to be a welling up of pity, a development of something like sympathy, in the human observer, so far removed in power of thought and yet so near in aptitude for temperamental suffering. It will occur to a majority of people, at least, that in view of the practical certainty of speedy and unhappy death for these distant relations of mankind there is small justification for dragging them across oceans and through prison after prison just to gratify an idle curiosity. It would seem better to let them flourish in their native fastnesses so long as the land is not yet needed for human habitation or human support."

"FOR WITHOUT ARE DOGS"

NOT very far without! Oh, let them be
Gathered beyond heaven's door all hopefully,
Waiting their lord's quick summons or command;

Dreaming they hear his voice, or feel his hand,
And, wistful muzzles to the threshold pressed,
Ask, as of old, the chance to give their best.
Thus may they wait, with homage in their eyes,
Till the Great Master of the House arise,
And, flinging wide the door, their penance ends—
"Love is heaven's password. Come ye in, my Friends!"

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD, in *N. Y. Times*

THE American Bison Society reports that there were 3,393 wild and tame buffalo in the United States in January, 1920. The buffalo in the United States have increased about 300 per cent in twelve years. Canada has a larger number—5,080. There are now probably more than 9,000 head of buffalo, wild and tame, in North America.

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Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1921.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
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